

Home Circle.

EVER YOUNG.

The desirableness of keeping young rarely crosses the minds of those who are now young. They see others about them who have lost their bloom, embroidered their first wrinkles, snowed themselves under with white hair; but they have always been surrounded with people older than themselves; it is a part of life, a feature of the world, for these others to be old; but for their part, they have always been young. And in some unexpressed way, probably the natural feeling of the immortal being, they always expect to be young. Whether their expectation is realized depends almost together upon themselves. They think no more about it, however, till the first gray hair comes like an admonishing ghost upon the scene. At seventeen they were of the opinion that the first thing in the world was beauty. But at thirty-five they find it is better to be young than to be beautiful. And it very often happens that the girl who was quite beautiful, with vivid color, and sparkling eyes, and fruity flesh, and dimples, when not quite twenty, finds herself at forty with none of these and neither young or beautiful. Yet if she were really fine and fair at twenty, then at forty she had a right to be fine and fair still; she should hardly have gone off at all. It matters far less than you can make her now believe that her eyes may be sunken a little, that the line from the nostril to the corner of the lip may have become marked, that the color may be less persistent, that the dimple may show symptoms of becoming deeper; under certain conditions all that is hardly noticeable. If she has kept the spring that used to animate every motion, so that she moves now with as light a step, as erect a bearing, with as quick a grace, holds her head still like a flower atop of its stem, straight and strong, yet without the least affectation of juvenile, frolicking ways, she will give only the suggestion of youth whenever she stirs. If she goes slow and lagging, with a stoop and signs of weariness, she will have an arm offered her and it will be understood that she bears a weight of years and needs it. If she dresses still in the tints and stuffs that suit her best, not with youthful frivolities, but with sign of surrender to age, she will have the effect of still belonging to the forces whose uniform she wears. But if she wears sad and dull colors, relinquishing with reluctance last year's styles, and with but little regard to styles anyway, she will be taken at her own valuation. More still, and of more valuation than the oth-

er considerations, if she still interests herself in the things that interest youth, has saved herself from the criticising and condemnatory manner which years sometimes gives to one's view of life, so that the young still find her companionable, she not only affects others as being young but feels at fifty scarcely a day older than ever. If meanwhile she has taken also to heart a practice of seeing only the brighter side of things, of forgetting herself and remembering others, of looking into the next life as into a further stage of the delights of this, if she has filled her life and her soul with pity, and compassion, and tenderness, with love of God and of her fellow-beings, age, even when it brings white hair, and withered throat, and dropping cheek, will seem not to have any trail of old, but rather to be a different and beautiful youth.—*Harper's Bazar.*

LOVE.

It is not more money that we need, but more love; not energy, but radiant energy; not heat, but white heat; not boiling water, but steam. We fall just short of ardor, and to do this is fatal. No matter how near the water comes to being steam, it will not move the locomotive one inch until it is steam—that elastic, invisible, impenetrable, and irresistible power. Love is like that; it cannot be withstood. Its godlike flame burns away the dross of policy in the pure, white light of principle. Nothing less will ever fuse the hearts of men in those reforms by which the hearts of Christians become regnant in the world. We have all things but love, when love is all we want.

Men go about smiling whose hearts are like lumps of ice in their breasts. If we had love the slums of London would not be left another day—we could not endure to have them; for love is the most practical force in the universe. It can no more help radiating than the sun can help shining.

There is nothing impracticable in this; all that is lacking is the inward pulsation of love to somebody besides ourselves; disinterested, helpful, outreaching—and unless the religion of Christ puts that into a person all psalms and prayers are windy mockery; the heart is filled with ashes instead of flame; the life is a Sahara desert instead of a fragrant garden. We know these things; happy should we be if we did them; but we quietly content ourselves to do them not.—*Frances E. Willard.*

—In response to the appeal made by Provost Harrison, of the University of Pennsylvania, for \$5,000,000, Thomas McKean gave \$50,000 of the required sum. Haven't we a McKean or two?

A CHRISTIAN HOME.

"A lighted lamp," writes McCheyne, is a very small thing, and it burns calmly and without noise, yet it giveth light to all who are within the house. And so there is a quiet influence which, like the flame of a scented lamp, fills many a home with light and fragrance. Such an influence has been beautifully compared to a carpet, soft and deep, which while it diffuses a look of ample comfort, deadens many a creaking sound. It is the curtain which, from many a beloved form, wards off at once the summer's glow and the winter's wind. It is the pillow on which sickness lays its head and forgets half its misery. This influence falls as the refreshing dew, the invigorating sunbeam, the fertilizing shower, shining on all with the mild luster of moonlight, and harmonizing in one soft tint many of the discordant hues of a family picture.—*Presbyterian.*

TIME TO LIVE.

I say to my friend: "Being a Christian means to be a full man;" and he says to me: "I have not time to be a Christian. I have not room. If my life were not so full! You don't know how hard I work from morning to night. What time is there for me to be a Christian? What time is there, what room is there, for Christianity in such a life as mine?" But does it not come to seem to us so strange, so absurd, if it were not so melancholy, that man should say such a thing as that? It is as if the engine had said it had no room for the steam. It is as if the tree had said it had no room for the sap. It is as if the ocean had said it had no room for the tide. It is as if the man had said he had no room for his soul. It is as if the life had said it had no time to live, when it is life. It is not something that is added to life; it is life. A man is not living without it. And for a man to say that "I am so full in life that I have no room for life," you immediately see to what absurdity it reduces itself.—*Phillips Brooks.*

WHAT we wish to do for our fellow creatures we must do first for ourselves. We can give them nothing save what God has already given us. We must become good before we can make them good, and wise before we can make them wise.—*Charles Kingsley.*

THERE are a thousand things we love more than God, without being sensible of it. He whom we love is he whom we are most concerned to please, and are most afraid to offend. Let us try our love by this rule.—*Bishop P. Wilson.*